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# TRANSLATIONS

OF

# LATIN HYMNS

OF THE

# MIDDLE AGES.

N. B. Smithers

MDCCCLXXIX:

JAMES KIRK & SONS, PRINTERS,

DOVER, DELAWARE.

# Preface.

The following Latin Hymns, selected from the collection published by Dr. Marsh of Lafayette College, undoubtedly possess more than ordinary merit. To have rendered all the Hymns would have unduly swelled the work. The selections have been made so as to present as many authors as could conveniently be embraced within its compass. It will be highly gratifying to me if the translations shall adequately convey the meaning of the originals. I cannot hope to have succeeded in transfusing their spirit.

N. B. SMITHERS.

# In Resurrectione Domini.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## IN RESURRECTIONE DOMINI.

Pone luctum, Magdalena!
Et serena lacrymas:
Non est jam Simonis cœna,
Non, cur fletum exprimas:
Causæ mille sunt lætandi,
Causæ mille exultandi:
Halleluia!

Sume risum, Magdalena!
Frons nitescat lucida;
Demigravit omnis pœna,
Lux coruscat fulgida:
Christus mundum liberavit,
Et de morte triumphavit!
Halleluia!

Gaude, plaude, Magdalena!
Tumba Christus exiit!
Tristis est peracta scena,
Victor mortis rediit;
Quem deflebas morientem,
Nunc arride resurgentem!
Halleluia!

Tolle vultum, Magdalena!
Redivivum aspice:
Vide, frons quam sit amœna,
Quinque plagas inspice:
Fulgent, sic ut margaritæ,
Ornamenta novæ vitæ.
Halleluia!

Vive, vive, Magdalena!
Tua lux reversa est,
Gaudiis turgescat vena,
Mortis vis abstersa est;
Mœsti procul sunt dolores,
Læti redeant amores!
Halleluia!

# The Resurrection.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This is a sweet Resurrection Hymn, of which neither the age nor the author is known. Inasmuch as the opinion was current in the Middle Ages, that Mary Magdalen was Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and as the language of the Hymn is manifestly taken from John's Gospel, I have not hesitated to render "Simonis" as "the leper."

## THE RESURRECTION.

Magdalena, grief dispelling,
Bid thy tears no longer flow,
This is not the leper's dwelling,
This is not the hour of woe;
Thousand reasons now for joying,
Thousand more for praise employing:
Halleluia!

Magdalena, sorrow banish,
Jocund laughter fits the day,
Now the gloomy shadows vanish,
Now the gladsome sunbeams play;
Christ has come, for man atoning,
Death himself through death dethroning:
Halleluia!

Magdalena, cease thy mourning,
Christ has burst the rock-hewn tomb;
Death's Destroyer, see returning,
Ended now the scene of gloom:
He, who caused thy tears when dying,
Asks not grief but glorifying:
Halleluia!

Magdalena, vainly pining,
Haste thy risen Lord to greet;
See his brow serenely shining,
See his hands and wounded feet,
Wounds, that once with blood were streaming,
Now like precious rubies gleaming:
Halleluia!

Magdalena, joy for sadness,
Christ, thy light of life is here;
Let thy veins now swell with gladness,
Doom of death no longer fear;
Nevermore from Christ to sever,
Death but gives thee Christ forever:
Halleluia!

# De S. Stephano.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

## DE S. STEPHANO.

Heri mundus exultavit,
Et exultans celebravit
Christi natalitia:
Heri chorus angelorum
Prosecutus est cœlorum
Regem cum lætitia.

Protomartyr et Levita,
Clarus fide, clarus vita,
Clarus et miraculis,
Sub hac luce triumphavit,
Et triumphans insultavit
Stephanus incredulis.

Fremunt ergo tanquam feræ,
Quia victi defecere
Lucis adversarii;
Falsos testes statuunt,
Et linguas exacuunt
Viperarum filii.

Agonista, nulli cede;
Certa certus de mercede,
  Persevera, Stephane:
Insta falsis testibus,
Confuta sermonibus
  Synagogam Satanæ.

Testis tuus est in cœlis,
Testis verax et fidelis,
  Testis innocentiæ;
Nomen habes Coronati,
Te tormenta decet pati
  Pro corona gloriæ.

Pro corona non marcenti
Perfer brevis vim tormenti,
  Te manet victoria;
Tibi fiet mors, natalis,
Tibi pœna terminalis
  Dat vitæ primordia.

Plenus Sancto Spiritu
Penetrat intuitu
  Stephanus cœlestia,
Videns Dei gloriam
Crescit ad victoriam,
  Suspirat ad præmia.

En a dextris Dei stantem
Jesum, pro te dimicantem,
  Stephane, considera:
Tibi cœlos reserari,
Tibi Christum revelari
  Clama voce libera.

Se commendat Salvatori,
Pro quo dulce ducit mori
  Sub ipsis lapidibus:
Saulus servat omnium
Vestes lapidantium,
  Lapidans in omnibus.

Ne peccatum statuatur
His, a quibus lapidatur,
Genu ponit et precatur,
  Condolens insaniæ:
In Christo sic obdormivit,
Qui Christo sic obedivit,
Et cum Christo semper vivit,
  Martyrum primitiæ.

# St. Stephen's Martyrdom.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

The author lived in the 12th century. He is placed by critics very high on the roll of Latin Poets of the Middle Ages. He was a monk of the foundation of St. Victor. The Martyrdom of Stephen is considered by many as his masterpiece.

## ST. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

Yesterday, with joy elated,
Earth the advent celebrated
  Of David's Son and Lord:
Yesterday, their homage bringing,
Angel choirs, hosannahs singing,
  Their new crowned King adored.

Lo, to-day, where zealous Stephen,
Full of faith and power from heaven
  And full of holy grace,
Now disputing, now insulting,
Stands triumphing and exulting
  O'er Israel's faithless race.

Round him throng, with red eyes flashing,
Ravening wolves whose teeth are gnashing
  And thirsting for his blood:
Lying tongues against him setting,
Venomed fangs with malice whetting,
  Behold the viper's brood.

Manful wrestler, nothing bending,
Steadfast for the prize contending,
  Good Stephen, hold thy ground;
Perjured witnesses assailing,
Rage, with reason countervailing,
  Hell's synagogue confound.

Christ, thy witness, is in heaven,
Witness true and faithful, Stephen,
  Who on thy fight looks down;
Mindful of the name thou bearest,
Bravely show thou nothing fearest,
  Thus striving for thy crown.

Fadeless crown of bliss securing,
Little while the pain enduring,
  Victory ends thy strife;
Glory, transient grief is bringing,
Dawn of day through death is springing,
  The dawn of endless life.

Holy Spirit him imbuing
And with heavenly sight enduing,
  He penetrates the skies;
God's supernal glory viewing,
Strength for victory renewing,
  He pants to win the prize.

Lo! at God's right hand contending,
Jesus stands, assistance lending,
There, Stephen, fix thine eye;
See, the heavens are unsealing,
Christ, himself to thee revealing,
Attends thy dying cry.

Loudly to his Savior crying,
Gladly Christ thus glorifying,
He calmly yields his breath;
While his foes the stones are heaping,
Zealot Saul their clothes is keeping,
Consenting to his death.

Humbly kneeling, naught gainsaying,
Naught against his slayers laying,
Meekly to his Father praying,
Their crime to disregard,
Thus in Christ he sweetly sleepeth,
Who the law of Christ thus keepeth,
And, to Christ thus faithful, reapeth
The martyr's first reward.

# In Dedicatione Ecclesiæ.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

## IN DEDICATIONE ECCLESIÆ.

Quam dilecta tabernacla
Domini et atria!
Quam electi architecti,
Tuta ædificia,
Quæ non movent, immo fovent,
Ventus, flumen, pluvia!

Quam decora fundamenta,
Per concinna sacramenta
Umbræ præcurrentia;
Latus Adæ dormientis
Evam fudit in manentis
Copulæ primordia.

Arca ligno fabricata
Noe servat, gubernata
Per mundi diluvium;
Prole sera tandem fœta,
Anus Sara ridet læta,
Nostrum lactans Gaudium.

Servus bibit qui legatur,
Et camelus adaquatur
Ex Rebeccæ hydria ;
Hæc inaures et armillas
Aptat sibi, ut per illas
Viro fiat congrua.

Synagoga supplantatur
A Jacob, dum divagatur
Nimis freta literæ ;
Lippam Liam latent multa,
Quibus videns Rachel fulta
Pari nubit fœdere.

In bivio tegens nuda,
Geminos parit ex Iuda
Thamar diu vidua ;
Hic Moyses a puella,
Dum se lavat, in fiscella
Reperitur scirpea.

Hic mas agnus immolatur,
Quo Israel satiatur
Tinctus ejus sanguine ;
Hic transitur rubens unda,
Ægyptios sub profunda
Obruens voragine.

Hic est urna manna plena,
Hic mandata legis dena,
Sed in arca fœderis ;
Hic sunt ædis ornamenta,
Hic Aaron indumenta,
Quæ præcedit poderis.

Hic Urias viduatur,
Barsabee sublimatur,
Sedis consors regiæ :
Hæc Regi varietate
Vestis astat deauratæ,
Sicut regum filiæ.

Huc venit Austri regina,
Salomonis quam divina
Condit sapientia ;
Hæc est nigra, sed formosa,
Myrrhæ et turis fumosa
Virga pigmentaria.

Hæc futura, quæ figura
Obumbravit, reseravit
Nobis dies gratiæ ;
Jam in lecto cum dilecto
Quiescamus, et psallamus,
Adsunt enim nuptiæ.

Quarum tonat initium
In tubis epulantium,
Et finis per psalterium ;
Sponsum millena millia
Una laudant melodia,
Sine fine dicentia,
Alleluia. Amen.

# The Dedication of a Church.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

This Hymn, by the same author as the preceding, is a recital of some of the facts narrated in the Old Testament and an application of them as types of the Gospel dispensation. Though in some respects their representative character may seem fanciful, yet, for the most part, they are strikingly appropriate and the conceptions exceedingly beautiful.

## THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

How lovely are thy temples, Lord,
Thy mansions how secure,
Whose strong abutments, firmly laid
By builders skilled and sure,
Assailed in vain, by wind and rain,
Still harden and endure.

Precious stones of their foundation,
Through the shadowy dispensation,
In symbols are supplied;
Adam's side, in sleep, is broken,
Yielding Eve, the beauteous token
Of Christ's celestial Bride.

Safely in the ark abiding,
Noah sees the waves subsiding,
That all beside destroy;
Then with age old Sarah stricken,
Feels her dead conception quicken,
And laughs to nurse our Joy.

From her pitcher, Nahor's daughter
Gives the thirsty servant water
And for his camels cares;
Bridal gifts, Rebecca wearing,
Bracelets rare and golden ear-ring,
To please her lord prepares.

Jacob takes his father's blessing,
Erring Esau dispossessing,
Unto the spirit blind;
Leah stumbles, naught perceiving,
Clear-eyed Rachel walks believing,
In equal wedlock joined.

By the highway, closely veiling,
Tamar sits, her face concealing
And twins to Judah bears;
Egypt's princess Moses spying
In the ark of rushes lying
Compassionates his tears.

Here the paschal lamb is bleeding,
On whose flesh all Israel feeding,
Their lintels stain with blood;
Here the Red Sea, backward massing
Holds its waves, for Moses passing,
Then Pharoah whelms in flood.

Here the manna, God's protection,
Ten commandments, God's direction,
The Ark of Witness bears;
Here the vessels dedicated,
Priestly garments consecrated,
But chief, what Aaron wears.

Here Uriah goes to slaughter,
While, arrayed like prince's daughter
In garb of Tyrian dye
Wrought with golden threads of Ophir,
Close beside her royal lover,
Stands Bathsheba on high.

Sheba's Queen, whom rumor reaching,
Comes with gifts, the wondrous teaching
Of David's son to hear,
Black but comely is her favor,
Pillared smoke, her gait and savor,
Perfumed with burning myrrh.

Unfulfilled in shadow lying,
What each presage signifying,
To us, by grace, is clear,
Now upon his bosom resting,
Lauding Christ, himself attesting
The marriage day is here.

In Judah's courts the trump has ceased,
No more is sacrifice or priest,
Now harps begin the Gospel feast;
The Bridegroom hailing, hymns of praise
Ten thousand thousand voices raise,
And ceaseless chant through endless days.
Halleluia. Amen.

# Vanitas Mundi.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS.

# VANITAS MUNDI.

Quum sit omnis homo fœnum,
Et post fœnum fiat cœnum,
  Ut quid, homo, extolleris?
Cerne quid es et quid eris:
Modo flos es, et verteris
  In favillam cineris.

Per ætatum incrementa,
Immo magis detrimenta,
  Ad non-esse traheris;
Velut umbra, quum declinat,
Vita surgit et festinat,
  Claudit meta funeris.

Homo dictus es ab humo;
Cito transis, quia fumo
  Similis efficeris;
Nunquam in eodem statu
Permanes, dum sub rotatu
  Huius vitæ volveris.

O sors gravis, o sors dura,
O lex dira, quam natura
  Promulgavit miseris!
Homo nascens cum mœrore
Vitam ducis cum labore
  Et cum metu moreris.

Ergo si scis qualitatem
Tuæ sortis, voluptatem
  Carnis quare sequeris?
Memento, te moriturum
Et post mortem id messurum,
  Quod hic seminaveris.

Terram teris, terram geris,
Et in terram reverteris,
  Qui de terra sumeris;
Cerne quid es et quid eris:
Modo flos es, et verteris
  In favillam cineris.

# The Vanity of the World.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

St. Bernard, the author of this Hymn, was born in 1091, near Dijon, in Burgundy. He was the first Abbot of Clairvaux. He possessed great personal influence, and, after his death, which occurred in 1153, was canonized. Of him Luther says: "If there ever has been a pious monk who feared God, it "was St. Bernard, whom alone I hold in much higher esteem than all other "monks and priests throughout the globe."

## THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A little while like grass to flourish,
Then mown, like grass, vile worms to nourish,
  Wherein hath flesh to trust?
Be wise, O man, thy state discerning,
A flower now and quickly turning
  Into thy native dust.

Though length of days, by increase, gaining,
Yet loss with every gain sustaining,
  To nothing thou art worn;
Thy life, a shadow swiftly flying,
Thy winged hours in speed are vying
  To reach the final bourn.

From humus sprung, thy name denoting,
And like the misty vapors floating
  Their changeful shapes reveal,
Thus down the course of time thou glidest,
Nor ever in one stay abidest
  On life's revolving wheel.

O dire decree of fateful nature
That here compels each wretched creature,
  Relentless and severe!
For man, whose life begins in sorrow,
To weary day adds toiling morrow,
  And dies in abject fear.

If such, O man, is thy condition,
Why cherish schemes of bad ambition
  Or hold the flesh so dear?
That thou must die remember rather,
And, after death, wilt surely gather
  What seed thou sowest here.

Now tilling earth, on earth attending,
And soon, with earth, thy substance blending,
  From which thou hadst thy birth,
Be wise, O man, thy state discerning,
A flower now, and quickly turning
  Into the dust of earth.

# Contemptio Vanitatis Mundi.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS.

# CONTEMPTIO VANITATIS MUNDI.

O miranda vanitas!
O divitiarum
Amor lamentabilis!
O virus amarum!
Cur tot viros inficis
Faciendo carum
Quod pertransit citius
Quam flamma stupparum.

Homo miser, cogita:
Mors omnes compescit,
Quis est ab initio
Qui morti non cessit?
Quando moriturus est,
Omnis homo nescit,
Hic, qui vivit hodie,
Cras forte putrescit.

Dum de morte cogito,
Contristor et ploro,
Verum est, quod moriar
Et tempus ignoro,
Ultimum, quod nescio
Cui jungar choro ;
Et cum sanctis merear
Jungi, Deum oro !

# Contempt of Worldly Vanity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

This Hymn is also by St. Bernard, and may be considered a companion to the one preceding.

## CONTEMPT OF WORLDLY VANITY.

What emptiness of vanity
So many hearts bewitches?
O sorrowful insanity!
The cursed lust of riches.
How strange that man, with eager haste,
Will welcome toil and trouble,
To gather that which melts as fast
As fire consumeth stubble.

Put on, my friend, a sober mind,
And judge thy interest better,
To Death, reflect that human-kind
Is universal debtor;
That naught avails thy dear-loved wealth
When at thy door he calleth,
And who, to-day, stands full of health
Perhaps to-morrow falleth.

When on this end I meditate
My heart grows sore with sighing,
Not that I dread the common fate
So far as death is dying,
But that which gives me more concern
Is that which comes thereafter,
With saints to praise or devils burn
Throughout the long Hereafter.

# Dies Judicii.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

# DIES JUDICII.

Apparebit repentina dies magna Domini,
Fur obscura velut nocte improvisos occupans.

Brevis totus tum parebit prisci luxus sæculi,
Totum simul cum clarebit præterisse sæculum.

Clangor tubæ per quaternas terræ plagas concinens,
Vivos una mortuosque Christo ciet obviam.

De cœlesti Judex arce, majestate fulgidus,
Claris angelorum choris comitatus aderit.

Erubescet orbis lunæ, sol et obscurabitur,
Stellæ cadent pallescentes, mundi tremet ambitus.

Flamma ignis anteibit justi vultum Judicis,
Cœlos, terras et profundi fluctus ponti devorans.

Gloriosus in sublimi Rex sedebit solio,
Angelorum tremebunda circumstabunt agmina.

Hujus omnes ad electi colligentur dexteram,
Pravi pavent a sinistris, hædi velut fœtidi.

Ite, dicet Rex ad dextros, regnum cœli sumite,
Pater vobis quod paravit ante omne sæculum.

Karitate qui fraterna me juvistis pauperem,
Caritatis nunc mercedem reportate divites.

Læti dicent: Quando, Christe, pauperem te vidimus,
Te, Rex magne, vel egentem miserati juvimus?

Magnus illis dicet Judex: cum juvistis pauperes,
Panem, domum, vestem dantes, me juvistis humiles.

Nec tardabit et sinistris loqui justus Arbiter:
In Gehennæ, maledicti, flammas hinc discedite!

Obsecrantem me audire despexistis mendicum,
Nudo vestem non dedistis, neglexistis languidum.

Peccatores dicent: Christe, quando te vel pauperem,
Te, Rex magne, vel infirmum contemnentes sprevimus?

Quibus contra Judex altus: Mendicanti quamdiu
Opem ferre despexistis, me sprevistis improbi.

Retro ruent tum injusti ignes in perpetuos,
Vermis quorum non morietur, flamma nec restinguitur.

Satan atro cum ministris quo tenetur carcere,
Fletus ubi mugitusque, strident omnes dentibus.

Tunc fideles ad cœlestem sustollentur patriam,
Choros inter angelorum regni petent gaudia.

Urbis summæ Hierusalem introibunt gloriam,
Vera lucis atque pacis in qua fulget visio,

XPM regem jam paterna claritate splendidum
Ubi celsa beatorum contemplantur agmina.

Ydri fraudes ergo cave, infirmantes subleva,
Aurum temne, fuge luxus, si vis astra petere.

Zona clara castitatis lumbos nunc præcingere,
In occursum magni Regis fer ardentes lampades.

# The Day of Judgment.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The Author of this Hymn is unknown. It is at least as old as the seventh century. Its allusions, and much of its phraseology, are drawn directly from the Sacred Scriptures. It has been ranked with the Dies Iræ. As will be perceived it is an abecedary, the stanzas proceeding in alphabetical order. In this respect the translation is an imitation.

# THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

As, unwatched, the midnight thief doth break the good-man's hoard,
So, when we least expect, will haste the great day of the Lord.

Briefly, lust will walk abroad, as in the time before,
And then the sign will manifest that time shall be no more.

Clearly ringing through the earth, and equal near or far,
The trump will cite both quick and dead before the judgment bar.

Decked in gorgeous majesty, the Judge from heaven will come,
With holy angels compassed round, to pass the final doom.

Ebon-black the sun will turn, the moon in blood be whirled,
And paling stars, like hail, will fall, to smite the reeling world.

Fiery streams of vengeful wrath, before his face shall leap,
Whose flame the earth and sky will melt and dry the nether deep.

Glorious in his might, the King his throne will then ascend,
And, filled with awe, the heavenly ranks, in silent homage, bend.

His elect will, on the right, be set at his command,
While, on the left, like filthy goats, the trembling sinners stand.

Instant, then the King will say: "Ye blessed come and heir
The kingdom which, at first, for you, my Father did prepare.

"Kindly, ye my poor estate, as brethren, did regard,
And, now, for this sweet charity, receive a rich reward."

Listening, they will gladly ask, "O Christ, when saw we thee
In sickness, or did bring relief unto thy penury?"

Mildly, thus will he reply, "To whom of low degree
Ye shelter, food or raiment gave, ye did it unto me."

Nothing slow, against the left, will turn his righteous ire:
"Depart, ye cursed, into realms of everlasting fire.

"Often have ye spurned my prayer, when hungry I did plead,
No drink ye gave to quench my thirst, nor clothing to my need."

Piteous then will sinners cry: "O Christ, when did we see
Thy hunger, thirst, or nakedness, nor ministered to thee?"

Quickly back will answer come, "So oft was I oppressed
As ye have failed to help the poor or succor the distressed."

Rushing down, the guilty crowd will plunge, through fiery storm,
Amid the lake of living flame, where gnaws the deathless worm.

Satan here, securely bound, and rebel angels dwell,
Mid tears and groans and gnashing teeth—their prison house of hell.

Then the faithful, upward borne, will seek the realms on high,
While "welcome home" the welkin rings, with music of the sky.

Unto them will be prepared Jerusalem above,
Whose only sun, the Source of Light, whose perfect law is love,

Where, redeemed, the saints will praise the Christ who still sustains,
And, clothed in all the brightness of his Father's glory, reigns.

Yearning for this blissful land, the Serpent's guile beware,
Despising wealth, avoiding lust, each other's burdens bear.

Zone of grace, your loins to gird, let chastity afford,
And watchful wait, with burning lamps, the coming of the Lord.

# Sequentia de Passione B. Virginis.

JACOPONUS.

## SEQUENTIA DE PASSIONE B. VIRGINIS.

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
  Dum pendebat filius,
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
  Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
  Mater unigeniti,
Quæ mœrebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum videbat
  Nati pœnas inclyti.

Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
  In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
  Dolentem cum filio!

Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum ;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja mater, fons amoris !
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam ;
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide ;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pœnas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero ;
Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum præclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore filii;
Inflammatus et accensus,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi præmuniri,
Confoveri gratia;
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animæ donetur
Paradisi gloria.

# The Mother at the Cross.

JACOPONE DA TODI.

The authorship of this beautiful hymn is a subject of dispute. It seems to be agreed that, if not composed, it was remodeled and added to by Jacopone, a Franciscan monk, who lived in the thirteenth century, and having been born in Todi, in Umbria, is thence called Jacopone da Todi. The hymn is the most pathetic of the compositions of the middle ages.

## THE MOTHER AT THE CROSS.

Sorely weeping, all unfriended,
Stood the Mother, where suspended,
  Hung upon the cross her Son,
Through her spirit sympathizing,
Moaning, groaning, agonizing,
  Pangs, like piercing swords, did run.

O how sad and sorrow laden,
Stood that ever-blessed maiden,
  Mother of God's only One,
Woeful stood, with bosom heaving,
Quaking, grieving, while perceiving
  How they racked her glorious Son.

Lives there man, with eye so tearless,
Woe like hers to see, yet careless
  Human sympathy to own?
Who could view, without emotion,
Such a Mother's deep devotion,
  Suffering with her stricken Son!

For his people's sins convicted,
Christ she saw with stripes afflicted,
Crowned with thorns and doomed to death;
Jesus saw, to torture taken,
Dying, lonely and forsaken
While he gave his parting breath.

Gracious Mother, fount of blessing,
All thy woe my soul oppressing,
Grant that I with thee may grieve;
Let my heart be so appointed,
Warmed with love for God Anointed,
That I may his grace receive.

Holy Mother, this prayer granting,
Deeply in my heart implanting
Thorns that pierced thy Crucified,
Who for me to suffer deigning,
Cruel wounds for me sustaining,
All his pains with me divide.

Grant that with thee truly weeping,
With thy Son sad vigil keeping,
I may live and thus expire;
Near the cross with thee to tarry,
Equal load of grief to carry,
Grant to be my chief desire.

Virgin, over all exalted,
Pardon what I have defaulted,
  Grant my tears with thine to well;
Death of Christ about me bearing,
In his passion ever sharing,
  Grant me on his stripes to dwell.

With his blood may I be sated,
By his cross exhilarated,
  On my flesh his scourges lay;
Thus my heart inflamed and tender,
Virgin, be my sure defender
  Through the fearful Judgment-day.

By his cross may I be guarded,
By his death from evil warded,
  Ever may his grace suffice;
When my earthly course is ended,
Grant my soul, by thee befriended,
  Endless bliss of Paradise,

# De Corpore Christi.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

## DE CORPORE CHRISTI.

O esca viatorum !
O panis angelorum !
  O manna cœlitum !
Esurientes ciba,
Dulcedine non priva
  Corda quærentium.

O lympha, fons amoris !
Qui puro Salvatoris
  E corde profluis !
Te sitientes pota !
Hæc sola nostra vota,
  His una sufficis !

O Jesu, tuum vultum,
Quem colimus occultum
  Sub panis specie,
Fac, ut, remoto velo,
Aperta nos in cœlo
  Cernamus acie !

# The Body of Christ.

THOMAS AQUINAS.

Thomas Aquinas, the author of this hymn, was born at Aquino, in Italy, about 1225. He was a Dominican and the most celebrated monk of that order. One of the ablest men of his age, he exercised a wonderful influence over all Europe. He died in 1274.

## THE BODY OF CHRIST.

O Flesh, that men wayfaring need!
O Bread, on which the angels feed!
  O Manna, saints' delight!
Each hungry soul give full supply,
Thy sweetness to no heart deny
  That seeks thy grace aright.

O Water, fount of love sincere!
That issued, when the soldier's spear
  Did pierce the Savior's side,
To all who thirst, thy freshness grant,
Naught else our craving spirits want,
  Nor else are satisfied.

O Jesus, whose real presence here,
Thy faithful worshippers revere,
  In seeming bread concealed,
Be pleased, that soon, beyond the sky,
The veil removed, we, eye to eye,
  May see thy face revealed.

# De S. Joanne Evangelista.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## DE S. JOANNE EVANGELISTA.

Verbum Dei, Deo natum,
Quod nec factum, nec creatum,
  Venit de cœlestibus,
Hoc vidit, hoc attrectavit,
Hoc de cœlo reseravit
Joannes hominibus.

Inter illos primitivos
Veros veri fontis rivos
  Joannes exsiliit;
Toti mundo propinare
Nectar illud salutare,
  Quod de throno prodiit.

Cœlum transit, veri rotam
Solis vidit, ibi totam
  Mentis figens aciem;
Speculator spiritalis
Quasi Seraphim sub alis
  Dei vidit faciem.

Audiit in gyro sedis
Quid psallant cum citharœdis
  Quater seni proceres ;
De sigillo Trinitatis
Nostræ nummo civitatis
  Impressit characteres.

Volat avis sine meta
Quo nec vates nec propheta
  Evolavit altius ;
Tam implenda, quam impleta,
Nunquam vidit tot secreta
  Purus homo purius.

Sponsus rubra veste tectus,
Visus, sed non intellectus,
  Redit ad palatium :
Aquilam Ezechielis
Sponsæ misit, quæ de cœlis
  Referret mysterium.

Dic, dilecte, de Dilecto,
Qualis sit et ex Dilecto
  Sponsus sponsæ nuncia :
Dic quis cibus angelorum,
Quæ sint festa superorum
  De sponsi præsentia.

Veri panem intellectus,
Cœnam Christi super pectus
Christi sumptam resera:
Ut cantemus de Patrono,
Coram Agno, coram throno,
Laudes super æthera.

# St. John, the Evangelist.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Of this hymn the author is unknown. It is written in the style and apparently on the model of Adam of St. Victor, and, although not belonging to him, is in nowise inferior, either in dignity or beauty.

## ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

Word of God—Word uncreated,
Word not made, but generated
  Before Æons began:
Certified by sight and feeling,
John, from heaven, came revealing
  This blessed Word to man.

From the Fount of Life outbursting,
John, when olden ages thirsting,
  At stagnant pools were prone,
Brought to every tribe and nation
Living waters of salvation
  That issued from the Throne.

Past the bound of Æther straying,
Very Orb of Light surveying
  With steady gaze he stood;
There, the Spirit vision lending,
Seraphs' wings above him bending,
  He saw the face of God.

Where, the crystal throne surrounding,
Elders' harps their lauds were sounding,
He caught the strains divine;
Praise, to doctrine taught confession,
With the "Three in One" impression,
He stamped the Christian coin.

Through the empyrean soaring,
Heavenly mysteries exploring,
He passed Isaiah's flight:
Watched the Cycles slowly wheeling,
Secret things of time revealing,
Unkenned by mortal sight.

Seen, but nothing comprehended,
Clothed in crimson garb, ascended
The Bridegroom whence he came,
Eagle of Ezekiel's vision
Sending forth, with new commission,
His nuptials to proclaim.

Loved one, show the Bride her Lover,
Messenger of God, discover
The mystic marriage-tie;
Say, what food are angels sharing,
Say, what feasts are saints preparing,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh.

Bread of Truth, in truth divining,
Taking Christ, on Christ reclining,
  The sense to us supply;
Teach us how to praise Creator,
Blessed Lamb and Mediator
  Before the throne on high.

# Dies Iræ.

THOMAS A CELANO.

# DIES IRÆ.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ;
Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus;
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

Pie Jesu domine,
Dona eos requie!
Amen.

# The Day of Wrath.

THOMAS OF CELANO.

Of this world-renowned hymn the authorship is disputed. It is commonly ascribed to Thomas, a monk of the Franciscan order, who is called "a Celano" from a small town in Italy. It is universally agreed to be the grandest of all the productions of the Middle Ages.

# THE DAY OF WRATH.

The day of wrath, that day of woe,
When earth with fervent heat shall glow,
Both David and the Sybil show.

What terror will that day inspire,
When Christ shall come in flaming fire
Of all things strictly to inquire!

The pealing trump, with blaring sound
Will echo through Earth's funeral ground,
And summon all His throne around.

Pale Nature then, with dumb surprise,
Will see her wakened dead arise,
To answer at that last assize.

In shuddering dread shall all behold
The written Book, where sealed and scrolled
The doom of man is kept enrolled.

The Judge will sit, and now unsealed,
While earth and sea their secrets yield,
Will equal vengeance stand revealed.

O'erwhelmed with guilt, how shall I plead?
What advocate may intercede,
When e'en the righteous mercy need?

Great King of awful majesty,
Whose grace saves those that saved shall be,
Then, Fount of Pity, then save me.

Remember, Lord, the wandering stray
That caused thy toilsome, tiresome way,
Nor lose me in that dreadful day.

For me thy weary feet have sought,
Thy blood-stained cross redemption brought,
Let not such suffering count for naught.

Avenging Judge, ask not defence,
But pardon grant, through penitence,
Before the day of recompense.

Convicted now, the groaning prayer
And crimsoned cheeks my guilt declare;
O God, thy humble suppliant spare.

Thou who didst Mary justify,
And heardst the thief's repentant cry,
To me this hope wilt not deny.

Though justly thou my prayer wouldst spurn,
On me thy gracious favor turn
Nor let my soul forever burn.

Within thy fold may I abide,
Good Shepherd, keep me by thy side
When from the goats thy sheep divide.

And when in fires of wrath divine,
The outcast spirits deathless pine,
Thy blessed heritage be mine.

To thee, who Judge and Witness art,
I humbly pray with contrite heart,
"Be nigh when flesh and spirit part."

Day of weeping, day of mourning,
Guilty man, from dust returning,
Waits the fearful retribution:
Grant, O God, thine absolution.

Holy Jesus, Master blest,
Give to us thy blissful rest.
Amen.

# The Voice of Free Grace.

THORSBY.

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## Vox Gratiæ.

This hymn of Thorsby is so well known as to render the insertion of the English version unnecessary.

# VOX GRATIÆ.

Inclamat vox gratiæ, Confugite montem,
Nunc perditis Christus aperuit fontem,
A sorde lavare vel quovis indigno
Salutis it sanguis in cursu benigno:
Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

In altis nunc Deo sit gloria data,
Nunc gloria Deo de cœlo relata,
Et famam narremus jucundam per gentes,
Amorem, laudemque salutem canentes;
Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

Perequita, Christe, qui regnas in luce,
Peccatum vincemus ac mortem, te duce,
Et semper te sancti gaudebunt mirari,
Fatentes te solum dedisse salvari,
Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

Sione potita beatis et oris,
Cum citharis noctu diuque canoris,
Per agros felices juvabit errare
Et carmen salutis in ævum cantare ;
Alleluia Redemptori, non semel hìc dicemus,
Iterumque Alleluia trans Jordanem recinemus.

# De Epiphania.

PRUDENTIUS.

## DE EPIPHANIA.

O sola magnarum urbium,
Major Bethlem, cui contigit
Ducem salutis cœlitus
Incorporatum gignere.

Hæc stella, quæ solis rotam
Vincit decore ac lumine,
Venisse terris nuntiat
Cum carne terrestri Deum.

Videre postquam illum magi,
Eoa promunt munera,
Stratique votis offerunt
Thus, myrrham et aurum regium.

Regem Deumque annuntiant
Thesaurus et fragrans odor
Thuris Sabæi, ac myrrheus
Pulvis sepulcrum prædocet.

# The Epiphany.

PRUDENTIUS.

The author of this Hymn was born in Spain about the year 348. He was distinguished as a Jurist. Late in life he devoted himself earnestly to the service of God. Another stanza is generally printed as part of the original, but being a mere doxology, and not by Prudentius, I have chosen to omit it.

## THE EPIPHANY.

O, chief of cities, Bethlehem,
Of David's crown the fairest gem,
But more to us than David's name,
In thee, as man, the Savior came.

Beyond the sun in splendor bright,
Above thee stands a wondrous light
Proclaiming from the conscious skies
That here, in flesh, the Godhead lies.

See, coming from the East, afar
Chaldean sages hail his star,
And low in adoration bent
Their three-fold gifts to him present.

The golden tribute owns him, King,
But frankincense to God they bring,
And last, prophetic sign, with myrrh
They shadow forth his sepulchre.

# De Nativitate Domini.

JOANNES MAUBURNUS.

## DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

Heu, quid jaces stabulo,
Omnium creator,
Vagiens cunabulo,
Mundi reparator?
Si rex, ubi purpura?
Vel clientum murmura?
Ubi aula regis?
Hic omnis penuria,
Paupertatis curia,
Forma novæ legis.

"Istuc amor generis
Me traxit humani,
Quod se noxa sceleris
Occidit profani.
His meis inopiis
Gratiarum copiis
Te pergo ditare,
Hocce natalitio
Vero sacrificio
Te volens beare."

O, te laudum millibus
Laudo, laudo, laudo,
Tantis mirabilibus
Plaudo, plaudo, plaudo !
Gloria, sit gloria,
Amanti memoria
Domino in altis !
Cui testimonia
Dantur et præconia
Cœlicis a psaltis !

# The Nativity.

JEAN MAUBURNE.

The author lived in the 15th century. Born in 1460, he was made Abbot of St. Livry in 1502, and the next year died at Paris, whither he was carried in consequence of sickness caused by excessive labor in the administration of his religious office.

## THE NATIVITY.

Why dost Thou so lowly lie
  Who all things didst create?
Comest Thou with wailing cry
  To lift our fallen state?
Where thy train if King thou be,
Purple robe of majesty,
  Thy presence chamber, where?
All unlike the courts of earth,
Naught denotes thy royal birth,
  But only want is here.

"Hither, from my Father's throne,
  Through love for man I came,
Him to save, his guilt atone,
  I bear this load of shame;
In my need I give to thee
Wealth from Heaven's treasury,
  The pearl of costly price;
Lowly born and held as naught,
Life and blessing I have brought,
  Myself the sacrifice."

Wonders of thy grace to sing
  My grateful tongue essays,
Thousand thanks to Thee I bring
  In hymns of endless praise;
Glory, now, let all below,
Mindful of thy saving woe,
  Shout "Glory, Lord, to Thee,"
While angelic choirs above
Celebrate thy matchless love
  With harp and psaltery.

# Paulus.

## Petrus Damiani.

## PAULUS.

Paule, doctor egregie,
Tuba clangens ecclesiæ,
Nubes volans ac tonitrum
Per amplum mundi circulum.

Nobis potenter intona,
Ruraque cordis irriga,
Cœlestis imbre gratiæ
Mentes virescant aridæ,

O magnum Pauli meritum,
Cœlum conscendit tertium,
Audit verba mysterii,
Quæ nullis audet eloqui.

Dum verbi spargit semina,
Seges surgit uberrima,
Sic cœli replent horreum
Bonorum fruges operum.

# Paul.

PETER DAMIANI.

Peter Damiani was the zealous coadjutor of the celebrated Hildebrand. He was made Cardinal-bishop of Ostia. Born at Ravenna, in Italy, he was mentally and morally one of the foremost men of his age. He died in 1072.

## PAUL.

Faithful teacher, mighty Paul,
Ringing like a trumpet call,
Flying cloud, whose couriers glance
Red-winged round the world's expanse,

Let thy deep-voiced thunders roll,
Saturate each thirsty soul,
Showers of heavenly grace impart,
Fertilize each barren heart.

Guerdon high was thine, when thrice
Pearly gates of Paradise
Turning gave thy raptured ear
Words that none but Angels hear.

Sower of the Gospel seed,
Hundred-fold shall be thy meed,
Garnered where no thief can spoil,
Fruit of thine abundant toil.

# Fiant Luminaria.

ABÆLARDUS.

# FIANT LUMINARIA.

Dixit autem Deus: Fiant luminaria in firmamento Cœli.—Gen. i, 14.

Ornarunt terram germina,
Nunc cœlum luminaria;
Sole, luna, stellis depingitur,
Quorum multus usus cognoscitur.

Hæc quaque parte condita
Sursum, homo, considera;
Esse tuam et cœli regio
Se fatetur horum servitio.

Sole calet in hieme,
Qui caret ignis munere;
Pro nocturnæ lucernæ gratia
Pauper habet lunam et sidera.

Stratis dives eburneis,
Pauper jacet gramineis;
Hinc avium oblectant cantica,
Inde florum spirat fragantia.

Impensis, dives, nimiis
Domum casuram construis ;
Falso sole pingis testudinem,
Falsis stellis in cœli speciem.

In vera cœli camera
Pauper jacet pulcherrima ;
Vero sole, veris sideribus
Istam illi depinxit Dominus.

Opus magis eximium
Est naturæ quam hominum ;
Quod nec labor nec sumptus præparat,
Nec vetustas solvendo dissipat.

Ministrat homo diviti,
Angelus autem pauperi,
Ut hinc quoque constet cœlestia
Quam sint nobis a Deo subdita.

# Let There Be Lights.

PETER ABELARD.

The author of this hymn, Peter Abelard, was born near Nantes. He was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His intercourse with the celebrated Heloise is well known. He was the representative of the use of reason in matters of theology, as Bernard of Clairvaux was the exponent of church authority, and between them there arose bitter controversy. He died in 1142 at the Monastery of St. Marcel.

# LET THERE BE LIGHTS.

And God said: Let there be lights in the firmament of the Heaven.—Gen. i. 14.

With many a flower the earth is bright,
The sky is set with many a light,
For man ordained, the golden sun,
The moon and stars their courses run.

Observant still to mark the years,
Consider, man, these shining spheres,
Look up, and in their service see
That Heaven itself was made for thee.

To him who lacks the fire-side blaze
The sun sends down his genial rays,
And stars hang out their friendly lamps
By night to guide His houseless tramps.

On stately beds the rich are laid,
But stretched in cool, sequestered shade,
The beggar whiles away the hours
Mid warbling birds and fragrant flowers.

The lordling decks his vaulted hall
With gilded planets, soon to fall,
And mourns the treasure, vainly spent,
To rival God's own firmament.

Within the chamber of the skies,
In sweet repose, the pauper lies
Where stars keep watch, till morning bids
The sunbeams wake his sleeping lids.

Compared with Nature's perfect plan
How mean the proudest works of man,
Her skill expends nor gold nor toil
And what she builds no time can spoil.

On wealth, the poor obsequious wait,
Good angels serve our low estate
And verify the kind decree
That Heaven itself was made for thee.

# Oratio ad Dominum.

MARBOD.

T

# ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

Deus-homo, Rex cœlorum,
Miserere miserorum ;
Ad peccandum proni sumus,
Et ad humum redit humus ;
Tu ruinam nostram fulci
Pietate tua dulci.
Quid est homo, proles Adæ ?
Germen necis dignum clade.
Quid est homo nisi vermis,
Res infirma, res inermis ?
Ne digneris huic irasci,
Qui non potest mundus nasci :
Noli, Deus, hunc damnare,
Qui non potest non peccare ;
Judicare non est æquum
Creaturam, non est tecum :
Non est miser homo tanti,
Ut respondeat Tonanti.
Sicut umbra, sicut fumus,
Sicut fœnum facti sumus,
Miserere, Rex cœlorum,
Miserere miserorum.

# Supplication to the Lord.

MARBOD.

The author of this prayer was of a noble family in Anjou. He was born in 1035, was chosen bishop of Rennes in 1095, and died in 1125.

## SUPPLICATION TO THE LORD.

God Incarnate, Heavenly King,
Wretched man to mercy bring;
Prone to err, our footsteps stray,
And to dust returns the clay;
Lord, accept our earnest prayer,
Wreck of sin let grace repair.
Seed of Adam, what is man?
Sprout of death, deserving ban:
What is man unless a worm
All defenseless and infirm?
Be not wroth with one so mean,
Who must needs be born unclean;
Him to slay, O God, disdain,
Who from sin cannot abstain;
Mete-wand nice on him to lay,
Righteous Judge, is not thy way,
Nor is man of such degree,
Voice of God, to answer Thee.
Like a flower, like a shade,
Like a vapor man is made,
Mercy grant, O Heavenly King,
Pity such a wretched thing.

# Syon Cœlestis.

## HILDEBERTUS TURONENSIS.

## SYON CŒLESTIS.

Me receptet Syon illa,
Syon, David urbs tranquilla,
Cuius faber auctor lucis,
Cuius portæ lignum crucis,
Cuius muri lapis vivus,
Cuius custos rex festivus.
In hac urbe lux solennis,
Ver æternum, pax perennis:
In hac odor implens cœlos,
In hac semper festum melos;
Non est ibi corruptela,
Non defectus, non querela;
Non minuti, non deformes,
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.

# The Heavenly Zion.

HILDEBERT, OF TOURS.

This hymn is an extract from a poem of Hildebert, Archbishop of Tours. He was born in 1057. Eminent for his learning, his works were highly esteemed. Independent in his character, he incurred the displeasure of the French King, Louis le Gros, to whose wishes, in the dispensation of church patronage, he refused to yield.

## THE HEAVENLY ZION.

To Zion beckoning friends invite,
In David's city wait,
Whose builder is the Source of light,
The precious Cross her gate.

With living stones her walls are gay,
Her guard the joyous King,
Within her courts is endless day
And smiles eternal spring.

There Love unbroken peace maintains,
And bloom unfading flowers,
While ceaseless glide seraphic strains
Along the gladsome hours.

There naught corrupts, nor aught is vile,
Nor ever ills befall,
Naught enters there that can defile,
But Christ is all in all.

# De Cruce.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

## DE CRUCE.

Crux ave benedicta,
Per te mors est devicta,
In te dependit Deus,
Rex et Salvator meus.

Tu arborum regina,
Salutis medicina,
Pressorum es levamen,
Et tristium solamen.

O sacrosanctum lignum,
Tu vitæ nostræ signum,
Tulisti fructum Jesum,
Humani cordis esum.

Dum crucis inimicos
Vocabis et amicos,
O Jesu, fili Dei,
Sis, oro, memor mei!

# The Cross.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This hymn is by an unknown author and is supposed to be somewhere from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. It has been much praised by critics. According to the tradition prevalent in the Middle Ages, the Cross on which Jesus suffered was of palm wood.

## THE CROSS.

Blessed Cross, hail, holy Rood!
Death, by thee, was first subdued
When my God was crucified,
When my King and Savior died.

Queen of trees art thou, O Palm,
For our wounds the sovereign balm,
Strong support when burdens press,
Solace in our sore distress.

Tree of Life, O sacred Tree,
Glorious sign of victory,
Christ thy fruit, O Tree divine,
Never fruit so sweet as thine.

When before thy judgment-seat
Friend and foe at last shall meet,
Jesus, then propitious be,
Son of God, remember me.

# De Nativitate Domini.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

## DE NATIVITATE DOMINI.

Potestate, non natura
Fit Creator creatura,
Reportetur ut factura
  Factoris in gloria.
Prædicatus per prophetas,
Quem non capit locus, ætas,
Nostræ sortis intrat metas,
  Non relinquens propria.

Cœlum terris inclinatur,
Homo-Deus adunatur,
Adunato famulatur
  Cœlestis familia.
Rex, sacerdos consecratur
Generalis, quod monstratur
Cum pax terris nuntiatur
  Et in altis gloria.

Causam quæris, modum rei?
Causa prius omnes rei,
Modus justum velle Dei,
  Sed conditum gratia.

O quam dulce condimentum,
Nobis mutans in pigmentum
Cum aceto fel cruentum,
Degustante Messia!

O salubre sacramentum,
Quod nos ponit in jumentum,
Plagis nostris dans unguentum,
Ille de Samaria.
Ille alter Elisæus,
Reputatus homo reus,
Suscitavit homo-Deus
Sunamitis puerum.

Hic est gigas currens fortis,
Qui, destructa lege mortis,
Ad amœna primæ sortis,
Ovem fert in humerum.
Vivit, regnat Deus-homo,
Trahens Orco lapsum pomo;
Cœlo tractus gaudet homo,
Denum complens numerum.

# The Incarnation.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

A brief notice of Adam of St. Victor, the author of this hymn and of the two immediately following, has been given in the preceding pages. Trench considers this as "the richest and fullest of the Nativity Hymns." It may be well to say, in relation to the allusion in the last line, that the parable of the ten pieces of silver was understood to relate to nine ranks of angels and the one race of man. The former stood, the latter fell and was lost.

## THE INCARNATION.

Work of power, passing nature,
God appears in human feature,
Lifting up his fallen creature
  Unto the Maker's throne;
He, whom prophets came foretelling,
Whom nor time nor space compelling,
Comes in finite nature dwelling,
  Retaining still his own.

Now to earth the heavens are bending,
God and man in union blending,
Angel ministers descending
  Escort him from the sky,
Who, o'er all is King created,
Priest forever consecrated,
Peace on earth is promulgated
  And glory rings on high.

Wouldst thou know the mode, the reason?
Seeming cause, our guilty treason,
Will of God the way, the season,
  But yet by grace forecast:

Blissful relish, precious favor,
When the myrrh-cup's bitter savor
Changed to pigment's spicy flavor
Upon Messiah's taste.

Healing grace, all comprehending,
Good Samaritan befriending,
Setting on his beast and tending
The wounded Judaite;
True Elisha, see, appearing,
Sinful man, our likeness wearing,
God-Man, in his power, rearing
The lifeless Shunamite.

Lo, the matchless Giant hying,
Who, the strength of Death defying,
Bears his sheep, long-lost and dying,
To pastures green and sweet;
Fallen through the first temptation,
Saved, through Christ, from condemnation,
Man rejoices in salvation
And makes the ten complete.

# De S. Laurentio.

## ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

## DE S. LAURENTIO.

Sicut chorda musicorum
Tandem sonum dat sonorum
  Plectri ministerio,
Sic in chely tormentorum
Melos Christi confessorum
  Martyris dat tensio.

Parum sapis vim sinapis,
Si non tangis, si non frangis ;
Et plus fragrat, quando flagrat,
  Tus injectum ignibus :
Sic arctatus et assatus,
Sub ardore, sub labore,
Dat odorem pleniorem
  Martyr de virtutibus.

Hunc ardorem factum foris
Putat rorem vis amoris,
  Et zelus justitiæ ;
Ignis urens, non comburens,
Vincit prunas, quas adunas,
  O minister impie.

# The Martyrdom of St. Laurentius.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

Laurentius, the Martyr, was Arch-Deacon at Rome, and suffered during the persecution of the Christians by Valerian. He is said to have been broiled to death on a gridiron, or roasted in an iron chair. This hymn is in commemoration of his martyrdom.

# THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENTIUS.

As minstrel touch evokes the strain
That softly glides, then swells amain
  Along the trembling chord,
The martyr, stretched on torture's rack,
From quivering nerves gives sweetly back
  The praises of his Lord.

As nothing tells what pungent power
In mustard dwells, till brayed to flour,
And, parched with heat, to incense sweet
  The fragrant gum resolves,
Thus, rectified by bloody scourge,
Refined and tried by fiery purge,
The martyr's faith, sublimed in death,
  Its rich perfume evolves.

To love and zeal, that inward glow,
Like dew-drops feel the fires below,
  No pain but Love can quell;
It burns, illumes, yet naught consumes,
And coals outvies thy rage applies
  O minister of hell.

# De SS. Evangelistis.

ADAM DE SC. VICTORE.

## DE SS. EVANGELISTIS.

Circa thronum majestatis,
Cum spiritibus beatis,
Quatuor diversitatis
  Astant animalia.
Formam primum aquilinam,
Et secundum leoninam,
Sed humanam et bovinam
  Duo gerunt alia.

Formæ formant figurarum
Formas Evangelistarum,
Quorum imber doctrinarum
  Stillat in Ecclesia ;
Hi sunt Marcus et Matthæus,
Lucas, et quem Zebedæus
Pater tibi misit, Deus,
  Dum laxaret retia.

Formam viri dant Matthæo,
Quia scripsit sic de Deo,
Sicut descendit ab eo,
  Quem plasmavit, homine.

Lucas bos est in figura,
Ut præmonstrat in Scriptura,
Hostiarum tangens jura
Legis sub velamine.

Marcus, leo per desertum
Clamans, rugit in apertum,
Iter fiat Deo certum,
Mundum cor a crimine.
Sed Johannes, ala bina
Caritatis, aquilina
Forma fertur in divina
Puriori lumine.

Quatuor describunt isti
Quadriformes actus Christi,
Et figurant, ut audisti,
Quisque sua formula.
Natus homo declaratur,
Vitulus sacrificatur,
Leo mortem deprædatur,
Et ascendit aquila.

Ecce forma bestialis
Quam scriptura prophetalis
Notat ; sed materialis
Hæc est impositio.

Currunt rotis, volant alis:
Inest sensus spiritalis;
Rota gressus est æqualis,
Ala contemplatio.

Paradisus his rigatur,
Viret, floret, fœcundatur,
His abundat, his lætatur
Quatuor fluminibus:
Fons est Christus, hi sunt rivi,
Fons est altus, hi proclivi,
Ut saporem fontis vivi
Ministrent fidelibus.

Horum rivo debriatis
Sitis crescat caritatis,
Ut de fonte pietatis
Satiemur plenius.
Horum trahat nos doctrina
Vitiorum de sentina,
Sicque ducat ad divina
Ab imo superius.

# The Holy Evangelists.

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

The purpose of this hymn is to represent the character of Christ as distinctively exhibited by each of the Evangelists.

## THE HOLY EVANGELISTS.

Round about the throne of heaven,
Serving with the holy Seven,
Four attend, in honor even,
  Framed in strange diversity;
Flying eagle one appearing,
One the form of lion bearing,
One a calf, the other wearing
  Visage of humanity.

Fashioned thus, these blessed creatures
Shew the four Evangel teachers,
Living streams for Gospel preachers
  Flowing out from Galilee;
Matthew, here, and Mark portraying,
Luke, and him who, naught delaying,
Left his nets, the call obeying,
  Gentle son of Zebedee.

Matthew has our shape and stature,
Writing in his nomenclature
Christ's descent, as if by nature
  Springing from the man He made;

Form of calf to Luke pertaining,
Who, in Scripture, speaks explaining
Sacrificial rites remaining
Until then in legal shade.

Desert lion, loudly roaring,
Mark, our wilderness exploring,
Cries, "The path of God restoring,
Let your hearts be clean and right;"
While, on wings of love ascending,
Like the eagle sunward bending,
John his heavenly way is wending
Upward to the Source of Light.

Drama of His life and passion
These enacting, what each fashion
Represents, the explanation
Doubtless you have heard full oft;
Birth of Christ, the man displaying,
Sacrifice, the calf conveying,
Death despoiled, the lion preying,
While the eagle soars aloft.

Lo, the forms of brute creation
Which prophetic revelation
Indicates, and through sensation
Teaches spiritual things:

Rolling wheels and pinions flying,
Hidden meaning underlying,
Equal walk, the wheels implying,
Higher life, the mounting wings.

By these waters irrigated
Paradise is decorated,
Where o'er boughs with fruitage weighted
Amaranthine bloom is spread;
Christ the fountain, these outflowing,
High the fountain, earthward going
These descend, on man bestowing
Sweetness of their living head.

Ever drinking, still unsated,
Thirst with every draught created,
May our souls be saturated
Quaffing from this Fount of Love;
Thus the way of wisdom learning,
From the dregs of folly turning,
Let our minds, the truth discerning,
Meditate on things above.

# Ad Sanctum Spiritum.

ROBERTUS, GALLIÆ REX.

## AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium ;

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium :
In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium !
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium ;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium !

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confitentibus
Sacrum septenarium ;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium !

# To The Holy Spirit.

ROBERT, KING OF FRANCE.

This beautiful hymn is the production of Robert, King of France, the son of Hugo Capet. He was born in 971 and died in 1031. The gentleness of his disposition was unfitted to contend with the turbulent spirit of the times. This hymn holds a high place in the estimation of scholars, being considered as first in loveliness among the sacred compositions of the Middle Ages.

## TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Holy Spirit, quickly come,
Hasten from thy heavenly home,
Rays of thine effulgence dart;
Father of the humble poor,
Bounteous Giver of thy store,
Come, Enlightener of the heart.

Comforter, supremely kind,
Sweet Indweller of the mind,
Well-spring of the soul's relief,
Bringing to the weary, rest,
Calmness to the troubled breast,
Solace in the time of grief.

Radiance of the light divine,
Let thy full resplendence shine
Through the closets of our hearts;
Man without thy aid is naught,
Wholly vile, with evil fraught,
Save the good thy grace imparts.

What is filthy, purify,
Irrigate whate'er is dry,
What is hurt, to health restore;
Overcome my stubborn will,
Warm whate'er in me is chill,
Guide me, that I stray no more.

Give to all who trust in Thee,
Walking in humility,
Seven graces of thy love;
Grant the meed of perfect faith,
Victory in the hour of death,
Grant unfailing bliss above.

# Hymnus Pentecostalis.

HILARIUS.

# HYMNUS PENTECOSTALIS.

Beata nobis gaudia
Anni reduxit orbita,
Cum Spiritus paraclitus
Illapsus est discipulis.

Ignis vibrante lumine
Linguæ figuram detulit,
Verbis ut essent proflui,
Et charitate fervidi.

Linguis loquuntur omnium;
Turbæ pavent gentilium:
Musto madere deputant,
Quos Spiritus repleverat.

Patrata sunt hœc mystice,
Paschæ peracto tempore,
Sacro dierum circulo,
Quo lege fit remissio.

Te nunc, Deus piissime,
Vultu precamur cernuo:
Illapsa nobis cœlitus
Largire dona Spiritus!

Dudum sacrata pectora
Tua replesti gratia,
Dimitte nostra crimina,
Et da quieta tempora!

# Pentecostal Hymn.

HILARY.

Hilary was born in Poictiers and became Bishop about A. D. 350. In 356 he defended Athanasius in the Council of Beziers. For this the Arians induced Constantius to banish him to Phrygia. The East was intensely Arian, and Hilary, noting the wonderful effect of the hymns sung in the Eastern Churches, resolved to turn it to account. Relieved from banishment, he introduced singing into the Western congregations, and has therefore been called the Father of their hymnology. He died about 368.

## PENTECOSTAL HYMN.

The rolling year brings back the time,
With blessed joys replete,
When on the waiting twelve came down
The Holy Paraclete.

The fire, in quivering tongues of flame.
Descending sat on each,
To fill with fervency of love
And fluency of speech.

To every race, in every tongue,
They spoke with power divine;
Some trembling heard—some mocking said
That they were drunk with wine.

When Pentecost was fully come
This marvel wrought, they see,
That thus the sacred round of days
Should bring our jubilee.

On us, O God most merciful,
With bended heads we pray,
That Thou wilt of thy Spirit pour
Abundantly, to-day.

As once thy heavenly grace did fill
Each consecrated breast,
Forgive what we have done amiss
And keep us in thy rest.

# Hymnus de Ascensione Domini.

AMBROSIANI.

## HYMNUS DE ASCENSIONE DOMINI.

Iesu, nostra redemptio,
Amor et desiderium,
Deus creator omnium,
Homo in fine temporum ;

Quæ te vicit clementia
Ut ferres nostra crimina.
Crudelem mortem patiens
Ut nos a morte tolleres,

Inferni claustra penetrans,
Tuos captivos redimens,
Victor triumpho nobili
Ad dextram patris residens ?

Ipsa te cogat pietas,
Ut mala nostra superes
Parcendo, et voti compotes
Nos tuo vultu saties.

Tu esto nostrum gaudium,
Qui es futurus præmium,
Sit nostra in te gloria
Per cuncta semper sæculà.

# Ascension Hymn.

AMBROSE.

Whether this hymn was written by Ambrose is perhaps doubtful, though it is confidently ascribed to him by antiquarians. He was born at Treves, about 340, at which place his father resided as Præfect. He was educated at Rome for an advocate, and pursued his profession there for several years. Thence he was sent to Liguria as Consular Præfect and lived at Milan, where, on the death of Auxentius, he was chosen Bishop. He was the chief spiritual instructor of the celebrated Augustine. It is narrated that when he was a child a swarm of bees settled on his lips, from which his father predicted his future greatness. He died April 4, A. D. 397, at Milan.

## ASCENSION HYMN.

O, Jesus, who our debt hast paid,
Our chief desire and praise,
Both God, by whom were all things made,
And Man, in end of days;

What strength of pity did constrain
Our guilt to underlie,
And gave thee to a death of pain
That we might never die?

The gates of darkness vainly tried
To stay redeeming love,
Triumphant, thou dost sit beside
The Majesty above.

Let love still urge thee to subdue
Our evil hearts, through grace,
And grant us, satisfied, to view
In righteousness thy face.

Abide in us, a present joy,
Who our reward wilt be,
And may thy praise our tongues employ
Throughout eternity.

# Hymnus ad Laudes.

GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

## HYMNUS AD LAUDES.

Ecce iam noctis tenuatur umbra,
Lucis aurora rutilans coruscat,
Nisibus totis rogitemus omnes
Cunctipotentem,

Ut Deus noster miseratus omnem
Pellat angorem, tribuat salutem,
Donet et nobis pietate patris
Regna polorum.

Præstet hoc nobis Deitas beata
Patris ac Nati pariterque Sancti
Spiritus, cuius reboat per omnem
Gloria mundum.

# Hymn at Lauds.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

Gregory I., surnamed The Great, was born at Rome. By Justin II. he was appointed Præfect of Rome in 573. On the death of his father he quitted the office. At the death of Pelagius II. he was chosen Pope and was installed September 3, 595. Soon afterward he engaged in a controversy with John, of Constantinople, who arrogated to himself the title of "Universal Bishop," and, in opposition, took for himself the style of "Servant of Servants." He was specially devoted to the foundation of monasteries and the enforcement of the celibacy of the clergy. In 596 he sent Augustine, generally called Austin, to England, to convert those who were still heathens. He paid special attention to the cultivation of church music, and from him the Gregorian chant derives its name. He died March 12, A. D. 604.

## HYMN AT LAUDS.

The shades of night now steal away
And rosy dawn leads forth the day;
To Him, with wrestling, let us pray,
Who is Almighty,

That God to us may pity show,
From evil keep us here below,
And, through the Father's love, bestow
Mansions in heaven.

Vouchsafe these blessings, Father, Son,
Coequal Spirit, Three in One,
Whose name be praised, whose will be done
Now and forever.

# In Quadragesima.

GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

## IN QUADRAGESIMA.

Audi, benigne conditor,
Nostras preces cum fletibus
In hoc sacro ieiunio
Fusas quadragenario.

Scrutator alme cordium,
Infirma tu scis virium,
Ad te reversis exhibe
Remissionis gratiam.

Multum quidem peccavimus,
Sed parce confitentibus;
Ad laudem tui nominis
Confer medelam languidis.

Sic corpus extra conteri
Dona per abstinentiam,
Ieiunet ut mens sobria
A labe prorsus criminum.

# Hymn in Lent.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

This hymn is confidently attributed to Gregory.

## HYMN IN LENT.

Kind Author of our being, hear
The prayers poured out with many a tear,
As, mindful of thy trial past,
We keep this sacred lenten fast.

Blest Searcher of the human heart,
Who seest us weak in every part,
Give all who turn to seek thy face
Remission through thy pardoning grace.

Though oft thy law we have transgressed,
Forgive what humbly is confessed,
And heal the sick who healing claim
In honor of thy holy name.

And grant that each by fast and prayer
May mind and body so prepare
That outward flesh and soul within
Shall be without the taint of sin.

# De Epiphania.

GREGORIUS MAGNUS.

## DE EPIPHANIA.

Nuntium vobis fero de supernis,
Natus est Christus, dominator orbis,
In Bethlem Iudæ, veluti propheta
Dixerat ante.

Hunc canit lætus chorus angelorum,
Stella declarat, veniunt Eoi
Principes dignum celebrare cultum,
Mystica dona.

Thus Deo, myrrham trocleten humando,
Bracteas regi chryseas tulere,
Dum colunt unum, meminere trino
Tres dare terna.

# Epiphany.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

Gregory is understood to have composed this hymn. It is old.

## EPIPHANY.

Good tidings from on high I bring,
In Bethlehem, as prophets sing,
Through earth to rule is born your King,
Christ, the Messiah.

His advent, angels chant to-day,
The star goes forth to lead their way
Who come with gifts to own his sway,
Kings from Chaldea.

Their mystic gifts the three unfold,
The Man gets myrrh, the King has gold,
The God, frankincense, but behold
Three to the Triune.

# Phœnix Exspirans.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

# PHŒNIX EXSPIRANS.

Tandem audite me,
Sionis filiæ!
Ægram respicite,
Dilecto dicite:
Amore vulneror,
Amore funeror.

Fulcite floribus
Fessam languoribus:
Stipate citreis
Et malis aureis:
Nimis edacibus
Liquesco facibus.

Huc odoriferos,
Huc soporiferos
Ramos depromite:
Rogos componite:
Ut phœnix moriar,
In flammis oriar!

An amor dolor sit,
An dolor amor sit,
Utrumque nescio!
Hoc unum sentio:
Iucundus dolor est,
Si dolor amor est.

Quid, amor, crucias?
Aufer inducias!
Lentus tyrannus es:
Momentum annus est:
Tam tarda funera
Tua sunt vulnera!

Iam vitæ stamina
Rumpe, O anima!
Ignis ascendere
Gestit, et tendere
Ad cœli atria:
Hæc mea patria!

# The Dying Phœnix.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The author is unknown. The fable of the Phœnix is engrafted on the Song of Solomon. The effort to spiritualize a poem whose literal sense indicates only an impassioned epithalamium, has produced many strange conceits, of which this hymn is a specimen.

## THE DYING PHŒNIX.

Ye daughters of Zion
Give ear to my cry,
Go, tell my beloved
How weary am I:
By love I am wounded,
With loving I die.

Now comfort with apples,
My languor dispel,
Refresh me with flowers
And mandrake's sweet smell:
I melt with the fervor
Of loving too well.

With citron consume me
And odorous fir,
With boughs of frankincense
And branches of myrrh:
I burn as the Phœnix
Renewed to appear.

If love breedeth sorrow,
Or sighing doth grow,
I ask not—I care not,
This only I know,
That love is so blissful
I welcome its woe.

Why, love, dost thou torture?
No longer delay;
The moments are ages
As lingers thy sway
When hearts thou hast wounded
Waste slowly away.

The cords that detain thee
Now burst with desire,
And hasten, my Spirit,
To mount with the fire,
And upward and homeward
To heaven aspire.

# De Vita Hominis.

ALANUS INSULANUS.

## DE VITA HOMINIS.

Vita nostra plena bellis:
Inter hostes, inter arma
  More belli vivitur;
Nulla lux it absque pugna,
Nulla nox it absque luctu,
  Et salutis alea.

Sed timoris omnis expers,
Stabo firmus inter arma,
  Nec timebo vulnera;
Non morabor hostis iras,
Non timebo publicasve,
  Callidasve machinas.

Ecce! cœli lapsus arcu
Atque spissa nube tectus
  Rector ipse siderum:
Contra sævos mentis hostes
Prœliantem me tuetur,
Bella pro me suscipit.

Franget arcus et sagittas,
Ignibusque sempiternis
Arma tradet hostium :
Ergo stabo sine metu,
Generose superabo
Hostium sævitiam.

# The Life of Man.

ALAN DE L'ISLE.

Alan de L'Isle is understood to have been a native of Ryssel, in Flanders, now Lille, in France, where he was born A. D. 1114. By some historians he is identified with Alan of Flanders, who was first a monk at Clairvaux, under St. Bernard, in 1128, and afterwards, in 1152, Bishop of Auxerre, but this opinion is now generally rejected. He died about 1200.

## THE LIFE OF MAN.

A battle-field is human life;
Beset with foes, begirt with strife,
Alarums round me roll:
At dawn begins the daily fight,
Renewed in every watch of night,
With hazard to my soul.

Devoid of fear I firmly stand,
Though compassed round on every hand,
If wounded, undismayed;
Before the foe yield nothing back,
Nor dread to meet his bold attack
Or cunning ambuscade.

By clouds concealed from hostile eyes,
Now down the bow that spans the skies,
The Ruler of the stars,
Who sees how hard the foemen press,
Brings succor to my sore distress
And undertakes my wars.

Their bows and arrows He will break,
And cast into the burning lake
Their panoply and pride;
Thus re-enforced I bide their shock,
And hurl them backward, as the rock
Hurls back the surging tide.

# De Resurrectione.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

# DE RESURRECTIONE.

Plaudite cœli,
Rideat æther,
Summus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!
Transivit atræ
Turba procellæ:
Subiit almæ
Gloria palmæ!

Surgite verni,
Surgite flores,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis,
Teneris mixtæ
Violis rosæ,
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis!

Currite plenis,
Carmina, venis!
Fundite lætum,
Barbytha, metrum:

Namque revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Iesus!

Plaudite montes,
Ludite fontes;
Resonent valles,
Repetunt colles:
"Io revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illæsus
Funere Iesus."

# The Resurrection.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The author of this hymn is unknown. It is placed from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century.

## THE RESURRECTION.

Laud be in heaven,
Hosannahs in air,
Praise and rejoicing
In earth everywhere;
Spent is the tempest
And now in the calm
Stands in its beauty
The glorious Palm.

Gay be the meadows
Exhaling perfume,
Garnished with verdure
And studded with bloom,
Buttercups mingling
With marigolds' sheen,
Roses with lilies
And heart's-ease between.

Pour out the treasures
Of lute and of song,
Let the glad measures
Go bounding along;

Now he hath risen
As ever he said,
Jesus is risen
Unharmed from the dead.

Valley and fountain
Take up the refrain,
Hill-side and mountain
Re-echo the strain;
"Lo, he hath risen
As ever he said,
Jesus is risen
Unharmed from the dead."

# Urbs Beata.

AUCTOR INCERTUS.

# URBS BEATA.

Urbs beata Ierusalem dicta pacis visio,
Quæ construitur in cœlis vivis ex lapidibus,
Et angelis coronata, velut sponsa nobilis.

Nova veniens a cœlo, nuptiali thalamo
Præparata, ut sponsata copuletur Domino;
Plateæ et muri eius ex auro purissimo.

Portæ nitent margaritis, adytis patentibus;
Et virtute meritorum illuc introducitur
Omnis, qui ob Christi nomen hoc in mundo premitur.

Tunsionibus, pressuris expoliti lapides
Suis coaptantur locis per manum artificis,
Disponuntur permansuri sacris ædificiis.

Angulare fundamentum lapis Christus missus est,
Qui compage parietum in utroque nectitur,
Quem Sion sancta suscepit, in quo credens permanet.

# The Blessed City.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

This hymn is from an unknown source. It is placed in the seventh or eighth century. There are three additional stanzas published, but as the genuineness of the last two is disputed, and the other is somewhat inferior in merit and unnecessary to the completeness of the description, I have omitted them.

# THE BLESSED CITY.

Attired as if a royal bride,
Amid the heavenly lands,
Jerusalem, the sight of peace,
Our holy city, stands
With garniture of living stones
And crowned by angel hands.

Now, for the marriage of the Lamb,
Behold her ready made,
For out of heaven, from God, she comes
In nuptial garb arrayed,
Her streets illumed with crystal light,
With gold her pavements laid.

Through gates of pearl, unclosed by day,
And there is never night,
His saints, to whom the name of Christ
In earth has brought despite,
And who have His commandments done,
May enter in of right.

The precious stones that grace her courts
Are fashioned first with care,
Till each by line and hammer-stroke
Is wrought exactly square,
Then settled by the Builder's hand
Remain forever there.

Her twelve foundations four-square lie,
With Christ the corner-stone,
By which the walls on every side
Are firmly joined in one;
In whom our sacred Zion trusts
And stands through faith alone.

# De Gaudiis Cœlestibus.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

## DE GAUDIIS CŒLESTIBUS.

Astant angelorum chori,
Laudes cantant creatori;
Regem cernunt in decore,
Amant corde, laudant ore,
Tympanizant, citharizant,
Volant alis, stant in scalis,
Sonant nolis, fulgent stolis
Coram summa Trinitate,
Clamant: Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus;
Fugit dolor, cessat planctus
In superna civitate.
Concors vox est omnium
Deum collaudantium;
Fervet amor mentium
Clare contuentium
Beatam Trinitatem in una Deitate;
Quam adorant Seraphim
Ferventi in amore,
Venerantur Cherubim
Ingenti sub honore;
Mirantur nimis Throni de tanta maiestate.

O quam præclara regio,
Et quam decora legio
Ex angelis et hominibus!
O gloriosa civitas,
In qua summa tranquillitas,
Lux et pax in cunctis finibus!
Cives huius civitatis
Veste nitent castitatis,
Legem tenent caritatis,
Firmum pactum unitatis.
Non laborant, nil ignorant;
Non tentantur, nec vexantur;
Semper sani, semper læti,
Cunctis bonis sunt repleti.

# The Heavenly Joys.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

Thomas a Kempis, was born about 1380 at Kempen, in the diocese of Cologne, and died July 26, 1471. His family name is generally known as Hamerken. Few men have secured a more favorable judgment from posterity. His work "De Imitatione Christi" has been translated into almost every civilized language. It is stated that a single collection made, in the present century, at Cologne, though confessedly incomplete, shows more than 500 editions. John Wesley published a translation styled "The Christian's Pattern."

## THE HEAVENLY JOYS.

Harpers harping, angels singing,
Day and night are anthems ringing;
On the King of glory gazing,
Full of love and ever praising,
Timbrels sounding, harps responding,
Rank on rank, with pinions streaming,
Tinkling bells and white robes gleaming,
Laud the Triune countless legions,
Holy, holy, holy, crying,
Free from sorrow, never dying,
Dwelling in the heavenly regions.
Every voice, in sweet accord,
Glory sings to God, the Lord;
All behold, with pure delight,
Not through faith but open sight,
In oneness of the Godhead the blessed
Triune blending;
Whom adore the Seraphim
Their hearts with rapture swelling,
Whom revere the Cherubim
In dignity excelling,
While kingly Creatures worship, in mid-
most splendor bending.

How lustrous are these happy lands;
How beautiful these shining bands,
Men redeemed and angels faithful found!
O Country, how supremely blest,
Whose law of life is perfect rest,
Light and peace in all whose ways abound!
Here, enfranchised and attested,
All, with holiness invested,
Dwell in bonds of love united,
Love of each by all requited,
Never grieving, all-perceiving,
No temptation, no vexation,
Always healthful, ever joying,
Filled with good and nothing cloying,

# Index.

# INDEX.


| | | |
|---|---|---|
| The Resurrection | Author Unknown | 5 |
| St. Stephen's Martyrdom | Adam of St. Victor | 13 |
| The Dedication of a Church | Same | 25 |
| The Vanity of the World | Bernard of Clairvaux | 37 |
| Contempt of Worldly Vanity | Same | 45 |
| The Day of Judgment | Author Unknown | 53 |
| The Mother at the Cross | Jacopone da Todi | 65 |
| The Body of Christ | Thomas Aquinas | 77 |
| St. John, the Evangelist | Author Unknown | 85 |
| The Day of Wrath | Thomas of Celano | 97 |
| Vox Gratiæ | | 109 |
| The Epiphany | Prudentius | 113 |
| The Nativity | Jean Mauburne | 121 |
| Paul | Peter Damiani | 129 |
| Let there be Lights | Peter Abelard | 137 |
| Supplication to the Lord | Marbod | 145 |
| The Heavenly Zion | Hildebert of Tours | 153 |
| The Cross | Author Unknown | 161 |
| The Incarnation | Adam of St. Victor | 169 |
| Martyrdom of St. Laurentius | Same | 177 |
| The Holy Evangelists | Same | 185 |
| To The Holy Spirit | Robert, King of France | 197 |

Pentecostal Hymn.....Hilary.....205
Ascension Hymn .....Ambrose. .....213
Hymn at Lauds.....Gregory the Great.....221
Hymn in Lent..... .....Same.....229
Epiphany.....Same.....237
The Dying Phœnix.....Author Unknown.....245
The Life of Man.....Alan de L'Isle.....253
The Resurrection.....Author Unknown.....261
The Blessed City.....Same.....269
The Heavenly Joys.....Thomas a Kempis.. .....277